

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion, 1.00; One Square, one inch, one month, 3.00; One Square, one inch, three months, 5.00; One Square, one inch, one year, 15.00; Two Squares, one year, 25.00; Quarter Column, one year, 5.00; Half Column, one year, 10.00; One Column, one year, 15.00; Local advertisements ten cents per 100 words each insertion.

Governor John R. Roberts, of Washington, in a recent address in Tacoma, summed up what he termed his faith thus: "Life is a struggle; a school; a test of fitness. No struggle, no school; no school, no fitness; no fitness, no future."

The amount spent annually on the roads of the country equal three per cent, on twenty-six million dollars. Were twenty six millions actually invested in good roads, we would have the finest highways in the world for the same annual cost, and be making money out of them besides.

An invention which English people will not take up is the automatic writing telegraph. You write at one end of the system and at the other end a pen writes out what you have written in your handwriting. Sketches can be transmitted in this way even at a distance of 200 miles. There is fifty times as much invention in the apparatus as there is in the telephone, but apparently no one wants it.

The Savannah news says: "Great advertisers live in the history of the city and prosperity of their firms long after they themselves have 'shuffled off this mortal coil'"; their announcements in the newspapers continue to bear fruit after the advertisers are dead. On the other hand, the non-advertising business man is dead to the community long before he leaves this life; and his business is more than apt to die with him.

The books of the United States Mint in Denver show that the deposits of gold for the last year were the largest ever received. The total will slightly exceed \$12,200,000, and a conservative estimate made by the Mint officials places the entire output of Colorado at \$22,000,000, in round figures. Colorado will far exceed California, as it is said to be doubtful if California's output will touch the \$18,000,000 mark. Last year Colorado's output was \$16,500,000 and that of California was \$17,000,000 while the total production of the country was \$61,717,925.

The Washington Star remarks: No portion of the Western Hemisphere is open to the despoiler as China is. All portions are reasonably safe from such assaults. There are rich countries in Central and South America indifferently offered at times, and which in certain circumstances would be exceedingly tempting to the buccaneering spirit of Europe. They have their rackets among themselves, and government there might be more secure to the local advantage. Frequent shifts are made, and now this leader is up and then that. But rapid and violent as the changes may be, no fine old land 'grabber' with a crown on his head ever reaches his long arm from across the sea and tries to profit by dissension. And why? The Monroe doctrine forbids.

This year will have among its noteworthy anniversaries the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the death of Isaac Watts. It will be chiefly as a writer of hymns that he will be honored by affectionate remembrance. Of his hymns, says the Youth's Companion, the Christian world has chosen a few as pre-eminent. If he had written only the hymn beginning: "O, God, our help in ages past," his name would have a vernal place in the roll of makers of verse worthy and destined to live. A great hymn level denominational barriers. While men are talking of Christian unity, or dreaming of it, the hymn, in its sphere of influence, if only for the moment when heard or sung, makes believers one. He who has strengthened and inspired generations, refreshing the saints and moving those who make no pretensions to saintliness, may well be remembered.

The London Graphic declares that the sale of cocoa has increased in the British Isles enormously in the last five years, and thinks it may possibly supplant tea. Tea certainly has a high value as a stimulant when some straggling immediate task must be done. Lord Walseley recommends it for soldiers on the march, and mountain-climbers claim that it is their mainstay; but, all the same, protracted use of it plays the mischief with the digestion of most persons and is highly injurious to the nerves of many. Cocoa is sustaining and digestible, and has no objectionable effects. It would be a public boon if some houses on favorite bicycle routes would set up something akin to the old-fashioned chocolate-houses; for the autumn is bringing out the fact that bicycle-riders have too often drunk of contaminated wells and are paying the penalty in typhoid. Cocoa, having been boiled, would not contain deadly microbes.

WASHINGTON'S HOME AT MOUNT VERNON.

During the Civil War there was only one spot in all our United States where soldiers of both armies could meet on common ground as friends, not foes, as brothers and sons of one father, the "Father of His Country." That spot was Mount Vernon. A "truce of God" prevailed throughout the broad acres that contained the home and tomb of Washington.

Whether hunted by their enemy or drawn hither by the same reverent inspiration that attracts visitors to Mount Vernon from every part of the habitable globe, wearers of the blue and the gray were equally welcome. The only restriction placed upon their coming was the servants' request that they leave their arms at whatever point they entered the grounds, sometimes at the old porter's lodge, three-quarters of a mile away.

At Washington's tomb unarméd pickets of the South and North frequently met during the years of the "great conflict." Sacred, however, as this home of peace is, it is to the women of the United States, and to them alone, that we owe the purchase and preservation of Washington's home, and only their loving care has made possible the past and present restoration of this fine old type of the colonial mansion of a century and a half ago. The high privilege and real happiness of visiting this home and grounds, with all their varied and tangible memorials so intimately associated with the life and character of the immortal Washington, the American people owe to the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the United States. Of the early struggles and patient labors of successive members of this association much might be said. Organized in 1858, under the regency of Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham, it obtained by purchase some 200 of the thousands of acres owned by the late Colonel John Augustine Washington, last private owner of Mount Vernon, who found himself unable to maintain the estate. To his credit be it said, Colonel Washington did not sell the land on which rests the tomb of General Washington and his family. The tomb, or the two acres containing it, were decided as a gift to the association. Later donations from Jay Gould and others have increased the real estate of the association to 237 1/2 acres.

The restoration, equipment and keeping of the respective rooms of the mansion have been entrusted to the noble women of the different States represented in the Board of Vice-Regents. These vice-regents are representative women of most of the leading States, appointed by the regent, their names being submitted by her to the Board of Vice-Regents for confirmation or rejection, after the manner of Presidential appointments. There are thirty-three vice-regents now in office. These ladies have wrested what they affectionately style "this, our beloved home," from decay and almost from annihilation. Not only the mansion and tomb—with its family vault and two sarcophagi enclosing the remains of "the General" and his "consort"—receive their anxious care, but the work of the association extends to all the outbuildings and every distinctive feature of the grounds that has any connection with the period of Washington's occupancy.

The annual reports presented and read at the yearly meetings of the committee after an examination made by him at their request. As the great purpose of the association is to keep the mansion and its surroundings forever open to the public, the projected restoration will be made by degrees, so as to interfere as little as possible with the freedom of visitors. F. W. PARSONS.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The People Began to Celebrate It as Far Back as 1783. We may reckon February 22 as one of our oldest holidays, for though no Legislature had at that time set it apart as a legal holiday, the regular celebration of Washington's birthday began in 1783. On February 22 of that year a party of gentlemen met in a tavern in New York. One of them had written an ode on Washington, another brought a list of tracts, still others had prepared speeches. There was great feasting, patriotic toasts were drunk, and before the company went together home they agreed to meet toting on every coming February 22 in honor of their country's chief. Other little knots of friends followed their example, and before long the celebration became general. Though not publicly recognized, wherever there were a score of more of houses the people gladly devoted at least a few hours of the day to jollity and good cheer.

The celebration of the day gradually grew in importance till in the beginning of this century. Every theatre on that day brought out some new play and made itself gay with flags and transparencies. Taverns spread their best cheer. There were balls and bonfires, barbecues and cannonading, bell ringing, feasting and toasts. A glance over the Gazette and Advertiser of that period shows that it was quite the end of March before they ceased to publish accounts of the festivities which had taken place in every city and town in the land.

Washington was born before the adoption in England of the Gregorian Calendar, and was, therefore, born on February 11, old style. For a long time some of his most ardent admirers persisted in celebrating this day rather than the 22d. We find as late as 1796 certain counties in which men of the old school were unwilling to adopt the new calendar, at least so far as concerned the birthday of the Father of their Country.

iron beam inserted, braced from the cellar, and these columns erected accordingly. They were never a part of the interior construction in Washington's time, and their removal will greatly add to the exact restoration of the first floor hall. Other details in necessary repairs to the cellar, and features of the staircase not in harmony with other portions, in varnish or color, form matter of no great public interest. An examination of the walls was made, starting from the stairway to the second floor, and after a removal of three layers of a small section of wall paper the fact was revealed that the original mortar was a colonial buff. In some places it would seem to have been white-coated, and in other places a rough finish of buff mortar is found under the paper. Research will be made to ascertain whether the walls were originally of a buff mortar finish or painted over a fashion of one of the layers removed. It seems more than likely that, when commenced, this transformation of the halls and main staircase will ultimately lead to a new restoration of rooms given over to the care of vice-regents

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Family Economist—Didn't Die For Her—Fascination—Uncleventful—An Unjust Charge—A Thoughtful Parent—Economic—Two Varieties.

Norah—"Come along, now, an' niver mind the little vagabond." Bertie—"Please wait a minute, Norah! I think he's going to swear again."—Puck.

Uncle Bob—"Did you like the trip to the West, Johnny?" Johnny—"Not so much. I was waiting for train robbers, and we never saw one the whole time."—Puck.

Thoughtful Parent. "Oh, Queenie, such sweet news! What do you think?" "No idea, Flo! What is it?" "Papa has been bitten by a mad dog, and now we're all going to Paris. Isn't it a bit of luck?"—Pick-Me-Up.

A Libel on the Sex. "There are fifty-four muscles used in carrying on an ordinary conversation," she said, looking up from the book she was reading. "And yet woman is supposed to be a weak creature," he said, thoughtfully. "And then he dodged."—Chicago Post.

Economical. "Seems to me it costs you a good deal to study," said the father, as he handed his son money to buy books with. "I know it," replied the youth, pocketing a \$10-bill, "and I don't study very hard, either."—Harvard Lampoon.

Professional. "Well, said the doctor to the India Rubber Man, who was anxiously waiting in the hall, "it's a chip of the old block."

An Anti-Normen Statement. Officer—"There seems to be nothing on the body to identify the man. We do not even know where he lived." Bystander—"Of course, it's rather indefinite; but just after the car struck him he cried out that he was a citizen of Greater New York."

Changed His Mind. Judge—"Why did you commit this unprovoked assault?" Prisoner—"I wanted to get my picture in the papers."

The Merit of It. The Cook (entering parlor)—"Ah, mam'zelle, wud ye mind askin' the professor to play that hurriape over again?"

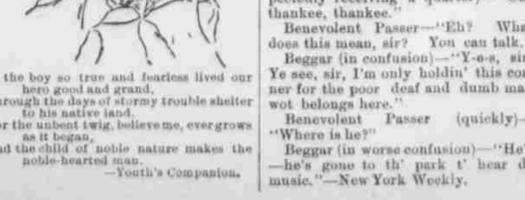
Dolls' Hair. The hair on the head of most of the dolls in this country is made from the hair of the Angora goat.

WASHINGTON. In the bright little sappling lives the mighty mountain pine, Straighter than an Indian chieftain with its long, unswerving line, Lifting high its sturdy branches, rooted in its rocky bed, Landmark to the valleys under, shelter for the weary head.

A Hint He Took. "I see they have a machine now for photographing one's thoughts," he said, for want of something better to say.

Deaf and Dumb Beggar (at unexpectedly receiving a quarter)—"Oh, thanks, thanks." Benevolent Passer—"Eh? What does this mean, sir? You can talk." Beggar (in confusion)—"Y-es, sir. Ye see, sir, I'm only holdin' this corner for the poor deaf and dumb man wot belongs here."

Deaf and Dumb Beggar (at unexpectedly receiving a quarter)—"Oh, thanks, thanks." Benevolent Passer (quickly)—"Where is he?" Beggar (in worse confusion)—"He's—he's gone to th' park 't hear do music."—New York Weekly.



PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

My grandmother used to say to me, "Now, don't run after the boys, my girl, but stick to your sewing, pray!" For men who want wives will hunt them, dear.

My grandmother used to say to me, "Now, stop your dreaming and baste your hem." Dreams never meant for day. Don't hurry your girl, to find a husband. Maids never have will nor way. Till sorrow and twenty are come and gone! My grandmother used to say.

And grandmother smiled demurely, then, Above the hurrying thread; "Twas not for the lack of precept, dear, Things happened as you have said; For, 'stop your dreaming and baste your hem.' For the men won't run away; And 'wooling will keep for a good two-year.' My grandmother used to say."

Humor of the Day. Nobody seems to care much whether he kisses the bride at a silver wedding or not.—West Union Gazette.

He—"Did she say why she left her last place?" She—"Why, the woman she lived with sneered at the wheel she rides."—Puck.

Dusby—"Do you regard thirteen as an unlucky number?" Dooby—"Certainly I do; aren't they always abusing it?"—Roxbury Gazette.

Spendley—"Well, if my money should go, dearest, you'd still have me!" Mrs. Spendley—"Don't you be too sure about that!"—Puck.

Guest (in cheap restaurant)—"Here, waiter, this meal is simply vile. I won't pay for it. Where's the proprietor?" Waiter—"He's out at lunch, sir."—Philadelphia Record.

"I am very sorry, Captain Brown, but circumstances over which I have no control compel me to say no." "May I ask what the circumstances are?" "Yours."—Pick-Me-Up.

"Is it true that Rakeup has been in search of buried treasure?" "I guess it is. He said something to me about diving into his wife's pocket for cash."—Philadelphia North American.

"I thoroughly enjoy looking at the advertising pages after the holidays are over." "Any special reason?" "Yes; here and there I see something my wife didn't buy."—Chicago Record.

Reporter—"How much do you want written about that dime museum freak with a rubber neck?" Editor—"We're short of matter to-day; stretch it out to a column."—Norristown Herald.

He—"I've a ripping new naughty story to tell you. I don't think I've told it you before." She—"Is it a real good one?" He—"It is indeed." She—"Then you haven't told it me before."—Standard.

"Waiter, do you remember me? I came in here yesterday and ordered a steak." "Waiter—"Yes, sir. Will you have the same to-day?" Customer—"Yes, if no one else is using it."—London Answers.

Old Foggs—"In this natural history, Thomas, it states that a thrush feeds its young no fewer than two hundred and six times a day. What have you to say to that?" Thomas—"Wish I was a young thrush."—Standard.

Jack Bachelor—"So your late uncle left you all his money when he died, did he?" Bob Bluffer (disgustedly)—"No, not all. The mean old duffer had to go and leave two hundred and fifty dollars of it for a tombstone."—Judge.

Mrs. Fogg—"One can never tell what to believe. Mrs. Jones says the Wimpers fight like cats and dogs, and Mrs. Brown says they are the happiest couple in town." Fogg—"I don't see as there's any inconsistency in the two stories. Some people are never happy unless they are quarrelling."—Boston Transcript.

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

You Can Rise—What America's Greatest Educator Said—Dr. Horace Mann on the Evils of Drink in Our Colleges—True! Words Spoken Forty Years Ago.

You can rise with God's assistance, Every time you make resistance. Stronger grow your heart and mind. Firmly stand against temptation, Do not leave your soul to drink; You can free yourself from drink. You can free yourself from drink. —Sacred Heart Review

Horace Mann on Drink's Evils. "Intemperance carries ruin everywhere. It wastes the fertile farms to barrenness. It suspends industry in the shop of the mechanic. It banishes skill from the cunning hand of the artisan and artist. It dashes to pieces the locomotive of the engineer. It sinks the ship of the mariner. It spreads sudden night over the solar splendor of genius at its full-orbit, meridian glory. But there is not so ruinous, so direful, so eliminating and expansive of good, so expulsive and redundant of all evil, as the use of intoxicants, as upon the person and character of the student himself. Creator of evil, destroyer of good among youth, it invests its votaries with the falsest of all notions, and sends them out on the career of life to suffer where they should have rejoiced, to curse where they should have blessed."

"We are in such want for whose malady the knowledge of truth and obedience to it are the only healing. Oh! if the literary institutions of our land would sanctify their action in the use of the earnest rivalry to send forth great men, would provoke each other to the holy work of raising up a nobler generation, they would be doubly rewarded, both by greatness and goodness such as they have never yet imagined. Referring to the comparative worth of education and morals, Montaigne says, 'We know how to decline virtue, but we know not how to love it.'"

"Surely, it is the most appalling fact in all our annals, and it ought to excite every parental heart palpitate with alarm, that the college, where the youth of our country must be sent for the higher culture of the mind, should ever expose to a depravation of the heart. And yet it is an opinion not uncommon, nor would to God I could say wholly unfounded, that as many of our youths are now passing through our public schools, so young men who are of a virtuous and noble character and contract habits of piety and moral rectitude."

"Some of the most serious and heaven-defying vices that destroy the peace of society and turn all the sweets of life into bitterness are occasioned by the use of the public manhood of the aemic childhood of guilt. On its colleges, far more than on its Legislature, does the well-being of our country depend—on its education more than on its legislation."—Works of Horace Mann.

Use of Alcohol by Employees. At the international congress of railroad and marine hygiene, held in Brussels last September, there was a discussion on the question whether the use of alcoholic drinks was a cause of accidents to railroad employees and sailors. Dr. Van Collie, of Brussels, made an address in which he answered the question negatively. First, because such cases are exceedingly rare; because they are dangerous to the health and lives of the men, as well as to safety in operation. It would have the effect of making and so far as possible suppressed. To this end he would have the men instructed as to the dangers, and have severe rules against the use of alcohol. He recommended the managements to limit the use of alcohol by employees so far as possible; to warn the men of its dangers, punish those who disobeyed the regulations, and to them. As there are scarcely any total abstainers among continental railroad men, this is a more decided step than it would seem here.

A Vivid Temperance Lesson. Robert Quail, of Van Horno street, Jersey City, while in prison, went into the house of Mrs. Margaret Martha, at No. 5 of the same street, and beat and threw Michael Lynch, a boarder, down stairs. Lynch died of his injuries. Quail entered the room which in the same relative position as the one occupied by Quail in his own home, Lynch was seventy-five years old, and while in the way of being attacked by Quail and thrown down the stairs. He died on his way to the hospital.

Verily, the World Moves. In the year 1840, a gentleman named Mr. Robert Warner applied to a well-known insurance company in England to insure his life. But when the directors learned that he was a total abstainer, they informed him that they would only insure him on condition that he paid more money each year than those who took intoxicating liquors. They believed, because he was an abstainer, he would shorten his life!

Mr. Warner refused, and with some other friends started an insurance company for total abstainers. This company is now known as "The United Kingdom Temperance and Non-Intoxicating Liquor Society." At the end of five years it was found that during that period the death rate of the three most prosperous insurance companies was 19 per 100, while the Temperance Provident had lost only 12 out of 100, or at the rate of 7 1/2 per 100.

Hard Older. There is probably no kind of drink that is more dangerous to the temperance cause than older after it has begun to ferment. The combination of alcohol with the male acid of the apple is especially bad for the digestive organs. The sweet cider, for the pleasant drink. But so soon as fermentation begins, it should be turned into vinegar as soon as possible. Warning a little of this to near kindred, and the result will be that you will get the vinegar, will make it into vinegar very quickly.—American Cultivator.

A Hint to Wives and Sisters. Somebody, who seems to know, says: "If wives were so careful to make themselves and their husbands as pleasant to their husbands as they did when their husbands were only their sweethearts, the saloons would not be so enticing. And if girls made the home as pleasant for their own brothers as they do for some other girl's brother, so many boys would not go astray."

A Child's Worth of Drink. While the Cabinet sat at Prescott, Arizona, was crowded with hundreds of customers one night recently, and Mrs. Bell entered with a babe in her arms, and, placing it on the bar, said: "The father of this child deserted me and my baby, caring more for what the girls say than for what the mother says. And if his appetite may be gratified to the extent of the deposit, there was a wish for the child, seventy-five cents coming forward to ask, for the Probate Judge was called in to settle the controversy. He has taken charge of the deserted infant."